WEATHER SIGNS.

For the purpose of separating the true from the untrue weather sayings, the United States government officials have recently made a comprehensive investigation of English weather lore, and have published the traditions which may be of truthful guidance to an American. They have raked over the whole language and separated the wheat from the chaff. In addition they have printed laws which they themselves have enacted to govern their predictions. The work has been done under the supervision of Edward B. Garriott, professor of meteorology, and Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States weather bureau.

The following proverbs, for example, are given to show how one may predict a change in weather by the action of the atmosphere on various things:

When walls are unusually damp rain is expected.

Horses sweating in the stable is a sign of rain.

Doors and windows are hard to shut in damp weather.

Flies sting and are more troublesome than usual when the humidity increases before rain.

Sailors note the tightening of the cordage on ships as a sign of coming rain.

Sensitive plants contract their leaves and blossoms when the humidity increases.

A piece of seaweed hung up will become damp previous to rain.

A lump of hemp acts as a good hygrometer and prognosticates rain when it is damp.

Tobacco becomes moist preceding rain.

When rheumatic people complain of more than ordinary pains it will probably rain.

When the locks turn damp in the scalphouse surely it will rain.—American Indians.

If corns, wounds and sores itch or ache more than usual rain is likely to fall shortly.

When matting on the floor is shrinking dry weather may be expected. When matting expands expect wet weather.

Ropes shorten with an increase of humidity.

Three foggy or misty mornings indicate rain.

Quarries of stone and slate indicate rain by a moist exudation from the stones.

Salt increases in weight before rain.

A farmer's wife says when her cheese salt is soft it will rain; when getting dry fair weather may be expected.

If metal plates and dishes sweat it is a sign of bad weather.—Plinny.

Three foggy or misty morning indicate rain.—Oregon.

A rising fog indicates fair weather; if the fog settles down expect rain.

Fog from seaward, fair weather; fog from land, rain.—New England.

Hoarfrost indicates rain.

Heavy frosts bring heavy rain; no frosts, no rain.—California.

The larger the halo about the moon the nearer the rain clouds and the sooner the rain may be expected.

When the perfume of flowers is unusually perceptible rain may be expected.

When the mountain moss is dry and brittle expect clear weather.

Sunflower raising its head indicates rain.

Rainbow in morning, shepherds take warning;
Rainbow at night, shepherds' delight;
Rainbow at night, sailors' delight;
Rainbow in morning, sailors' warning.

Rainbow in morning shows that shower is west of us, and that we will probably get it. Rainbow in the evening shows that shower is east of us and is passing off.

Snakes expose themselves on the approach of rain.

In dry weather, when creeks and springs that have gone dry, become moist, or, as we say, begin to sweat, it indicates approaching rain. Many springs that have gone dry will give a good flow of water just before rain. —J. E. Walker, Kansas.

Drains, ditches and dunghills are more offensive before rain.

Floors saturated with oil become very damp just before rain.

Guitar strings shorten before rain.

Human hair (red) curls and kinks at the approach of a storm, and restraightens after the storm.

Lamp wicks crackle, candles burn dim, soot falls down, smoke descends, walls and pavements are damp, and disagreeable odors arise from ditches and gutters before rain.

Pipes for smoking tobacco become indicative of the state of the air. When the scent is longer retained than usual and seems denser and more powerful it often forebodes a storm.

Soap covered moisture indicates bad weather.

It has well been known that animals are able to foretell storm or fair weather with an instinct practically unknown to man. Many sayings are based on the actions of beasts, birds, fish and instincts, and here are a few which the Washington weather prophets regard as true:

Dogs making holes in the ground, eating grass in the morning or refusing meat are said to indicate rain.—Colonel Dunwoody.

All shepherds agree in saying that before a storm comes sheep become frisky, leap and butt or "box" each other.—Folklore Journal.

When horses and cattle stretch out their necks and sniff the air it will rain.

Horses as well as other domestic animals foretell the coming of rain by starting more than ordinary and appearing in other respects restless and uneasy.

Hogs crying and running unquietly up and down with hay or litter in their mouths foreshadow a storm to be near at hand.—Thomas Willsford.

Kine, when they assemble at one end of a field with their tails to windward often indicate rain or wind.

When birds of long flight hang about home expect a storm.

Migratory birds fly south from cold and north from warm weather. When a severe cyclon is near they become puzzled and fly in circles, dart into the air, and can easily be decoyed.—North Carolina.

When birds cease to sing rain and thunder will probably occur.

Birds and fowls oiling feathers indicate rain.

If fowls roll in the dust or sand rain is near at hand.

Bats flying late in the evening indicate fair weather. Bats who squeak flying tell of rain tomorrow.

If cocks crow late and early, clapping their wings occasionally, rain is expected.

If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He'll certainly rise with a watery head.

Chickens, when they pick up small stones and pebbles and are more noisy than usual, afford, according to Aratus, a sign of rain.

When chimney swallows circle and call, they speak of rain.

When cranes make a great noise or scream, expect rain.

One crow flying alone is a sign of foul weather, but if crows fly in pairs expect fine weather.

If the geese gang out to sea,
Good weather there will surely be.

If crows made much noise and fly round and round, expect rain.

Wild geese flying past large bodies of water indicate a change of weather.

Guinea fowls squall more than usual before rain.

Clamorous as a parrot against rain. —Shakespeare.

Parrots whistling indicate rain.

Gulls will soar aloft, and, circling around, utter shrill cries before a storm.

When the peacock loudly bawls,
Soon we'll have both rain and squalls.

When herons fly up and down, as if in doubt where to rest, expect rain.

Martins fly low before and during rain.

When fish bite readily and swim near the surface, rain may be expected.

Fishes in general, both in salt and fresh waters, are observed to sport and bite more eagerly before rain than at any other time.

Blackfish in schools indicate an approaching gale.

Air bubbles over clam beds indicate rain.

When pike lie on the bed of a stream quietly expect rain or wind.

Trout jump and herring schools move rapirly before rain.

The appearance of a great number of fish on the west coast of the Gulf of Mexico indicates bad weather and easterly winds.

A bee was never caught in a shower.

When bees to distance wing their flight,
Days are warm and skies are bright;
But when their flight ends near at home,
Stormy weather is sure to come.

When ants at situated on low grounds their migration may be taken as indication of approaching heavy rains.

Expect stormy weather when ants travel in lines, and fair weather when they scatter.

Ants are very busy, gnats bite, crickets are lively, spiders come out of their nests and flies gather in houses just before rain.

If spiders are indolent, rain generally soon follows. Their activity during rain is proof of its short duration.

When flies congregate in swarms, rain follows soon.

When flies bite greedily, expect rain.

Spiders strengthening their webs indicates rain.

If garden spiders forsake their cobwebs, rain is at hand.

Plants are also better weather prophets than men. In the following various ways they show their wisdom.

The odor of flowers is more apparent just before a shower (when the air is moist) than at any other time.

Cottonwood and quaking asp trees turn up their leaves before rain.

When the leaves of the sugar maple tree are turned upside down expect rain.

The convolvulus folds up its petals at the annual aproach of rain.

Before rain the leaves of the lime, sycamore, plane and poplar trees show a great deal more of their under surface when trembling in the wind.

Clover leaves turned up so as to show light under side indicate approaching rain.

Corn fodder dry and crisp indicates fair weather, but damp and limp, rain. It is very sensitive to hygromatric changges.

When the pink-eyed pimpernel closes in the daytime it is a sign of rain.

Milkweed closing at night indicates rain.

Mushroms and toadstools are numerous before rain.

The pitcher plant opens its mouth before rain.

Trees grow dark before a storm.

When the leaves of trees curl, with the wind from the south, it indicates rain.

The sun, moon and stars indicate impending weather changes only so far as their appearance is affected by existing atmospheric conditions.

Here are a few examples:

The sun reveals the secret of the sky,
And who dares gives the source of light and lie.—Virgil.

The sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.—Shakespeare.

—New York Tribune.

SCOFF AT OXYGEN FAD.

Doctors Here Say the Effect is Only That of Fresh Air.

Physicians in this city said yesterday that there was not much likelihood that oxygen would be added to the list of stimulants from the evil effects of which they shall need to release their patients. They read with interest the special cable dispatch from London to the New York Times, in which it was said that the latest fad in England was to inhale oxygen, but thought that the writer who declared that fifteen gallons of the gas had made him more inclined to wrestle than to write was drawing on his imagination.

"I don't see how the effect could possibly last one hour," said Dr. John Van Doren Young after he had read the dispatch. "The effect of oxygen is entirely evanescent. It is not like that of a drug, which may be felt for a long time after it has been taken. That is one of our difficulties in administering it. It is necessary to go on giving it or its value ceases."

"What effect would it produce on the body?" the doctor asked.

"It would have very much the same effect as a breath of pure air. If a man goes down to the seaside or up a mountain he will find himself exhilarated. I came down last night from Boston by boat, and as soon as I breathed the pure air of the Sound this morning I felt myself braced up. That's about all taking a dose of oxygen from a tank would do.

"It's very useful in hospital practice. When a patient is suffering from pneumonia, Bright's disease or heart trouble, we administer it to him if we cannot use the open-air treatment. Especially on a muggy day when the air seems heavy it helps along.

"Of course it affects the heart a little. The oxygen, when it is breathed in, comes into contact with the mucous membrane of the bronchial region and has its impurities taken away, to be breathed out again. From the mucous membrane it is brought in contact with the red corpuscles of the blood, and through them stimulates the heart. I have taken it from time to time when I have been giving it to a patient to test its purity, but I have never noticed that it produced any marked effect upon me."—New York Times.

Ruskin's Long Sentences.

Ruskin, it is said, has written more sentences of inordinate length than any other classic writer of modern English prose. Frederic Harrison some years ago counted the words in a number of typical sentences, finding that in the earlier books it was no uncommon thing for Ruskin to run beyond the page before permitting himself and his readers the relief of a full stop. But in every case the sense is as clear as day. Wordsworth's poem on the "Character of Happy Warrior's is a notable example of sustained connections. Apart from the opening and closing couplets, the poem consists of two very long compound sentences almost entirely comprised of adjectival clauses. The longer of the two sentences contains 57 decasyllabic lines. This is probably a record in English verse.—Dundee Advertiser.

England loses 60,000 persons every year by immigration.

LITTLE MEN and LITTLE WOMEN

The Nomad.

I wish my pa and ma would find
Some place they like en settle down—
I'm purty sick of movin' vans
En livin' everywhere in town.
For just about the time the kids
With which a feller wants to play
Look in en say, "Who's that new kid?"
By Joe, we up en move away.

En when the neighborhood is got
A gang of boys, you bet your boots
I don't get in in seven days—
They've got to know all new recruits,
En scrap with 'em, en look 'em up.
En find out if they'll do or nay,
En just about when I'm to pass,
By hokey-poke, we move away.

But what is sadder still is that
This always movin' ev'rywheres
Deprives a boy of what his heart
Most craves, en that is love affairs.
If haply he lights near a maid
Whose love for him is all too plain,
And bliss is right around the bend—
Why, there is where we move again.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Fine Dodger.

Carol's grandfather had served in the Civil War, and Carol asked to hear of the many battles in which he had fought. One day, after listening to the vivid recital of many heroic deeds, Carol said:

"Grandfather, you went through all those battles?"

"Yes."

"And the shot and shell fell all around you?"

"Yes."

"And soldiers were falling and dying everywhere?"

"Yes."

"Well, grandfather, what a fine dodger you must have been!"—The Delineator.

Boyland.

"It takes the small boy to have fun with nothing at all," said an observer of the daily crowds. "I was passing through a public park yesterday when I heard a group of excited little urchins, about eight years old, yelling to another boy, 'Take that kid away, take that kid away, gee, can't youse see dis ain't no place fer a kid.' Little brother moved back out of the ring with the ever-present baby, his face full of regret at being ostracised. Then the ring leader of the boys aimed a long stick and yelled 'Bang.' Over fell a boy, 'dead.' 'Bang,' over went another, and so on until on the grass stretched five boys dead to the world. There had been no noise, no resistance, and I was curious to know what the game was. I asked Little Brother what they were playing. 'De kids is mad dogs,' he said, 'and dat's re cop fillin' 'em full o' lead.' It was the meekest little lot of 'mad dogs' ever produced."—New York Times.

How Pennies Pile Up.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame pigeons.

"Boys," he said, "my workshop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping."

"Only a cent?" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent?"

"I will," said Joe.

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take an old broom and sweep it.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe to town. While he went to buy some lumber, they went to a toy store.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish that I could buy one."

"Only ten cents," said the man.

"I haven't a cent," said Dick.

"I have fifty cents," said Joe.

"How did you get fifty cents?" asked Dick.

"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe.—Home Herald.

A Boy's Paper.

A very youthful editor is Paul Almy Weeks of Newport, R. I. Paul is not yet thirteen years old, but he is the writer, editor and publisher of "The Weekly Reporter," and what is more, he is keeping at it manfully.

Paul's printing press was a Christmas present, and instead of regarding it merely as a toy, he resolved to put it to real use. "The Weekly Report" is not very large, consisting, in fact, of two pages, each about eight by six and one-half inches. In this little space, howeved, are crowded a good many items. In the paper for July 6, 1908, are a brief account of the meeting of the Democratic convention, some items about Peary's start for the pole, an account of the Fourth in Newport and other Newport news, and—most important to boys—results of recent ball game. Also, there is a description of a visit Paul made to Concord, Mass., and the things he saw there. The print is so nice and large that it would be an object lesson to many a more ambitious and better known newspaper publisher.

Paul went to Middletown about the middle of July for the summer, but that didn't interfere with "The Weekly Reporter" more than to make the issue one day late the week of moving. He took his printing press along and announced that the address of "The Reporter" would be, for the summer, "Paul A. Wilks, care of J. Oscar Peckham, Green End avenue, Middletown, R. I." The young editor announces that news items will be thankfully received, and original contributions will be printed. "The Weekly Reporter" goes to cities in Massachusetts, Wisconsin, New York, Illinois, New Jersey, New Hampshire and Oregon. The subscription list has been twice doubled, and now numbers about fifty. —New York Times.

The Robin and the Blue Jay.

"I won't play with you any more," said the Twin, soberly. "I'm going to live all by myself—I am—in the apple-tree."

"Pshaw!" pouted the Other Twin. He punched one of the mud-pies to pieces. 'Birds live in trees—not folks."

"Yep, they do," said the Twin. Without another word he climbed into the apple-tree. He chose for his new home one of its highest limbs.

Once curled up comfortably, with apple blossoms opening on all sides of him, the Twin forgot to be cross. The Other Twin, peering up at him through the rosy mist of buds and flowers, saw such a jolly face that he, too, forgot to be cross.

"Come on," said the Twin, sweetly.

The Other Twin climbed the apple-tree. He curled himself up on a limb just below the Twin's. Then the puppy tried to climb the tree. He soon found that he wasn't made right, somehow. So he plunged wildly into the hammock under the tree. Then, try as he would, he couldn't get out. At last he made the best of it by curling himself into a ball and swinging himself to sleep.

The Twin's linen suit was red. The Other Twin's was blue. That was why the Twin became a Robin and the Other Twin a Blue Jay. The big Robin chirped and twittered and sang as much like a really truly robin as he could. And the Blue Jay made a very good blue jay indeed.

By and by, on his branch the Robin pulled the blossomy boughs around him and played it was his nest. The Blue Jay wrapped himself all up in the pink and white sweetness, and he, too, had a nest. Then both big birds sang as well as they could, tucked their heads under their wings, and, without meaning to at all, fell sound asleep.

This was why, when Ruth and Ralph and Donald came from school that afternoon, they found a white frightened Mother walking up and down the road hunting for the Twins.

"I can't find them anywhere," she said, "and the puppy's gone, too."

So Mother and Ruth and Ralph and Donald and the Neighbor all ran about the house and yard and garden, and called and listened. But no answer came. Some angry bees buzzed in the old apple-tree and tried to tell about big bees who were in their apple blooms. And a pair of anxious robins near by chirped all about two big birds who were in their tree, and who had no right there. But not even Mother understood.

By and by the Neighbor hurried home. She harnessed her pretty black horse Billly, and drove as fast as she could toward town, looking to right and left along the shady road as she went.

Ruth and Ralph were coming back from a vain search along the little trout stream down near the woods. Mother, with Donald, stood under the apple-tree, trying to think where to look next.

Then, without the slightest warning, several things happened all together. There was a swift rush through the blossoms overhead, followed by a loud "Buzz-zz-zz,' from hurrying bees, a shrill chirp from one of the robins, and down, down, straight into the waiting hammock fell the Twin. "Yip," came from the depths of the hammock, Donald screamed. There were more strange movements among the apple blooms, another shrill "Buzz-zz-zz," another wild chirp, and down, down into the hammock fell the Other Twin.

One rope of the hammock snapped. Hammock, Twins, and puppy went in a heap on the grass. On the way the Twin clutched for the puppy and grabbed the Other Twin. The Other Twin clutched for the puppy and grabbed the Twin. There was a yellow streak across the garden as the puppy went ki-yi-ing for the house. The Twins land right side up, with care. And, before Ruth or Ralph or Donald had even reached the spot, they were safe in Mother's arms.

The robin on a little brown nest overhead chirped in a shy, sweet way. The bees buzzed themselves back into their blossoms. From the back porch the puppy looked on and licked a hurt paw.

The Twin sat up and rubbed his eyes. The Other Twin sat up and rubbed his eyes. They stared at each other.

"Good morning," said the Twin, cheerily.

"Morning," said the Other Twin.—Alice E. Allen, in Primary Education.